

THREE
ORIGINAL POEMS;
BEING THE
Posthumous WORKS
OF

PENDAVID BITTERZWIGG, Esq;

To which is added,

The very remarkable Last WILL and TESTAMENT
of that well-known AUTHOR.

*Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen:
Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.*

Ov. Ar. Am.

Non, si male nunc, & olim

Sic erit: — — —

HOR. Lib. ii. Ode 10.

O X F O R D,

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THE

ORIGINAL FORMS

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P R E F A C E.

THE principal part of mankind are born with so much curiosity, that we are seldom easy till we have been able to collect some circumstances, concerning an author whose works we have read. By perusing his writings we become, as it were, in some

A 2

measure

measure acquainted with him ; and, if he happens to entertain us, we naturally grow as anxious to know something of his history, as we thirst after that of any extraordinary character we meet with in public life. Therefore, that the *inquisitive reader* may not remain entirely in the dark, and that your *preface-skippers* may not have many useless pages to turn over, I will endeavour to oblige the *former*, by telling them as much as I think necessary for them to know ; but, out of regard to the *latter*, it shall be done laconically.

Pendavid

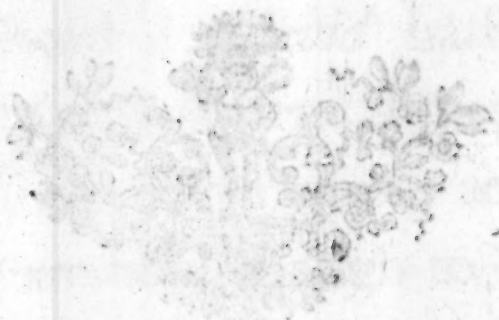
Pendavid Bitterzwick, by what we are able to discover, appears to have descended from *Adam* ; and to have had his birth in this Kingdom. His parents, how strange soever it may seem, were, *bona fide*, a man and a woman : nor is it less certain, that he himself was a *human creature*. His life, like that of most other men, was a mix'd jumble of trouble and ease, virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, joy and sadness. In his conversation with the world, he met with some *friendship* and much *ingratitude*. His works were wrote with a *pen* and

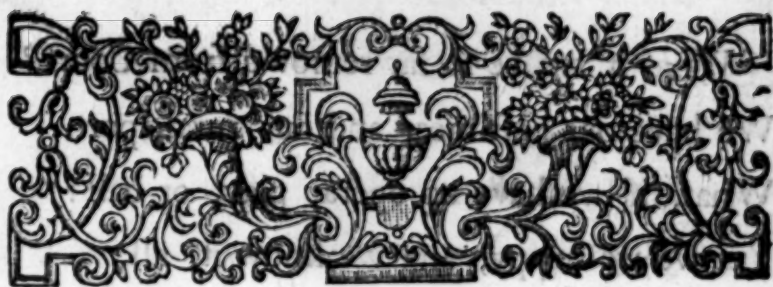
and *ink*: and he liv'd as long as he was permitted by death: who, on the 15th of *November*, 1750, in the borrowed shape of a Barrister, brought him, with the point of a conceal'd poniard, to the ground. The honourable gentleman, indeed, took great care to see him properly, and deeply interr'd: yet, notwithstanding his special care and goodness, 'tis very confidently whispered, that my friend *Pendavid* hath been seen to walk several times since. Nay some of his female acquaintance are bold enough to affirm, that they have had palpable demonstration

monstration of his existence, and that there is an actual resurrection of the flesh ; believing him to be yet in a natural state. But as this is a matter of dispute among the learned, I must desire to be excused speaking positively on either side.



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that there is an actual relation-
tion of the self; believing him
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on either side.





A I R E,*

An E P I S T L E to

Sir W***** M***** Bart.

COME, my Sir *William*, leave the busy world;
Let ev'ry flutt'ring fail of life be furl'd ;
Relax, awhile, the sinews of your days,
And hover calmly till I gather bays.
If man needs play-things, as in ancient times, 5
Be yours, for once, the gingling toy of rhimes.

* *Aire*, a considerable river in the principality of *Wales*.

Ver. 5. *If man needs, &c.*] Alluding to such stars of antiquity, who are said to have amus'd themselves with gathering of shells, catching of butterflies, &c.

B

What,

What if we be so far remov'd from Court ?
 We have our pastimes, and our rural sport.
 What, if we have no opera, play, or ball ?
 Yet we are happy, and we know it, all. 10
 Nor is our blissful life to you unknown,
 Who yearly taste the sweets of *A—p—et—n* :
 Wisely retiring from a world of noise,
 To drink more pleasing, philosophic joys.
 Mount with me then, imagination's wing, 15
 And hear an infant poet try to sing.

All nature smil'd, and every wind was still,
 When, by the verge of yon' cloud-cover'd hill,
 Beneath o'er-hanging rocks, in peaceful shade,
 I saw poor *Aire*, in pensive posture laid. 20
 Her arm she lean'd upon a marble urn,
 And, drooping, seem'd in silent mood to mourn.
 Her marble urn a silver stream distill'd,
 That, underneath, a spreading basin fill'd ;

Ver. 10. *And we know it, all.*] *Sua si bona norint.* VIRG.

On

On whose bright surface, beautifully serene, 25
Six floating swans, of snowy plume, were seen.

Lo! now the forr'wing nymph up, gently, rears
Her comely mein, bedew'd with falling tears ;
Which, from her cheeks, she wipes with jetty hair:
Nor *Venus*' self seem'd more divinely fair, 30
When to the throne of *Jove*, the lovely dame,
Weeping the fate of poor *Aeneas*, came.

Half leaning on a taper cypress wand,
Behold her rise, and beckon with her hand.
The willing swans, in swift obedience, all 35
Skim t'wards the urn, obsequious to her call,
Now, graceful moving, view the charming fair,
Whose azure mantle sweeps the mossy stair,
As down she comes. And now with filken strings,
Her swans she binds, beneath their lifted wings. 40

Ver. 30. *Nor Venus, &c.*]

Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas,
Tristior, & lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes,
Alloquitur *Venus*:——

Caparison'd, their hov'ring pinions fell,
 And straight she link'd 'em to her ample shell:
 A car like that her blue-eye'd parent guides,
 Compelling winds, and governing the tides,
 Her milky steeds in well-known order float 45
 And now she steps into her scallop-boat.
 Her scallop-boat impress'd the liquid floor;
 Expanding eddies circle to the shore.
 A flowing mantle o'er her shoulders flung,
 She wav'd her wand, and strait they mov'd along,

Not all the pomp that mortal eye hath seen, 51
 Not even that of *Egypt's* beauteous queen,
 When, up the *Cydnus*, sail'd the charming whore,
 In rich profusion, to her paramour ;

Ver. 44. If perchance, any of *Æolus's* particular friends
 should object to *Neptune's* having aught to do with the winds:
 let him begin at the 124th line of the first book of *Virgil's*
Æneis, and read to the 144th.

Ver. 53. *When up the Cydnus, &c.*] For a short but elegant
 description of which, see the octavo edition of the *Universal*
History, page 461.

Could

Could ever yield a prospect half so fair, 55

As did the plain magnificence of *Aire*;

By flocks and herds, and many a scatter'd vill,

By the rude skirt of many a gloomy hill,

Meand'ring thro' the meads of many a dale,

Pleas'd with the sweets of many a fertile vale, 60

She pass'd. Lo here, a lofty hanging wood;

And there a ruin'd Gothic Abbey stood,

O'ergrown with ivy; long by war subdu'd;

How stately once! O strange vicissitude!

In her left hand, a silver cask she held, 65

With various seed of various bloomage fill'd:

These, as she fails, her gen'rous bounty yields,

Profusely scatter'd thro' the fost'ring fields.

But now, the busy town she saught drew near,

And all its crowded mansions 'gan appear. 70

Each holy fabric mounts it's awful crest,

And seems to claim submission from the rest.

But how th' astonish'd, raptur'd, people stare,

To see the wond'rous vehicle of *Aire*! The

The filken reigns, that curb'd her downy steeds, 75
 She drew, they paus'd, and thus she spake, O *L—ds*,
 My prime, best lov'd, long my peculiar town!
 Thro' distant realms, by distant people, known.
 Where stands remoteness hath not heard thy name,
 And Golden Fleece of universal fame? 80
 A fleece, as golden and as much renown'd
 As that *Æetes*, Colchian monarch, own'd.
 Ah may no Argonauts, with feign'd pretence,
 Led by some *Jason*, ever steal thee hence!
 Had I been *Phasis*, all the lords of Greece 85
 Should ne'er have triumph'd with my country's
 Fleece:

Like *Xanthus*, river of eternal fame,
 Fearless of *Juno's* rage, or *Vulcan's* flame,
 My foaming waves or should have drown'd their
 chief,
 Or drove, successful back, the Grecian thief. 90

Ver. 80. *And Golden Fleece.*] The town's Arms.

82. *As that Æetes, &c.*] See the beginning of the 7th
 book of *Ovid's Met.*

85. *Had I seen Phasis, &c.*] A river of *Colchis*.

87. *Like Xanthus.*] *Homer's Iliad*, Book xxi.

O storeful hive! by me thus wealthy made ;
 For thee I leave my urn and peaceful shade :
 My grot I leave for thee, and shadow'd feat ;
 My silent haunts and undisturb'd retreat.
 To save thy fortunes from impending death, 95
 The gods, in pity, gave your river breath ;
 And bade me haste, before it was too late,
 To warn ye of the fixt decrees of fate.
 Propitious gods ! to feel the woes of *Aire*
 And kindly make your happiness their care ! 100

As in my grot I lately sat reclin'd,
 Shaddow'd from heat, and shelter'd from the wind,
 Thro' the blue ether my uplifted eyes
 Saw a swift messenger descend the skies.
 Like falling meteor, feather'd *Mercury* fell : 105
 Perch'd on the rock, and thus began to tell.

Most gentle *Aire* ! from the great gods I come :
 Attend awhile, and thou shalt hear thy doom.
 The story whisp'ring *Eurus* lately blew
 From yonder vill, may prove alas, too true, 110

Not many suns shall circle thro' the heav'n
 Ere that, to thee, a husband shall be giv'n.
 Haste and direct thy guardians in their choice;
 They'll surely listen to thy needful voice :
 Tell them, old *Neptune* would not have thee fold,
 As mortal offspring are, merely for gold ; 116
 Say that, I told thee, at the gods request,
 Best is the man that means to guard thee best.
 Oft hast thou seen, in eve of summer's day,
 Close by thy side, a youthful poet stray : 120
 So oft thou paus'd, or slowly mov'd along,
 And grateful listen'd to his plaintive song.
 Thus, while he tun'd to am'rous dirge, his lyre,
 Thy matchless charms set all his soul on fire ;
 And thou, however seeming cold or coy, 125
 Resign'd thy heart a captive to the boy.
 The high indulgent pow'rs on whom ye call
 Approve the flame ; but I must tell thee all.
 Now the celestial deities were met
 In deep consult on blifs, free-will, and fate : 130
 When lo ! *Apello*, and the tuneful Nine,
 Were seen approach the assemby divine. They

They gain'd admiffion for *Apollo's* fake,
And to the conclave thus *Urania* fpake. 134

Immortal Gods! of whom we boaft our birth;
Who govern things in Heav'n and things on earth!
There lives a meager mortal, low in fame,
Who, late, effay'd to vindicate the name
Of *Milton*:—tho' far fhort of *Milton's* lays,
We love the poet; for he fung his praife. 140
Good was his theme; nor were we thence afraid
To lend the youth fome little of our aid.
He, haplefs boy, (compaffionate his fighs!)
For one of *Neptune's* lovely daughters dies;
Who, in return, confeffes equal love. 145
Propitious Gods! and thou, immortal *Jove*!
Let not this pair of faithful lovers be
A fecond *Orpheus* and *Euridice*.
Scarce had fhe ceas'd, when eager *Lyæus* fpake:
Tell mortals what I did for *Orpheus'* fake; 150

Ver. 138. Alluding to a work not yet publiſh'd.

Remind 'em how transfixt *Edonians* stood,
Shot twisted roots, and rose a spreading wood.

But now great *Jove* address'd himself to me,
And thus he spake : Go, feet-wing'd *Mercury*,
To earth : bid weeping *Aire* wipe off her tears ;
Say that her plaint, at last, hath reach'd our ears ;
Tell her to link her swans and haste away,
And speech her guardians ere the wedding-day ;
Bid her inform 'em, 'tis the will of *Jove*
That now they should reward her faithful love ; 160
Give them this maxim, at the Gods' request,
" Best is the man that means to guard her best ;"
Remind 'em of the birth of poetry,
Sprung from my union with *Mnemosine* ;
And is not *he* the only laurel'd head 165
Their little thrifty village ever bred ?
Now haste thee speedy hence ; but, on thy way,
Learn what her father, *Neptune*, hath to say.

Ver. 151. *Remind 'em, &c.*] *Ovid's Met.* Book xi. 61.

152. *Twisted root.*] *Torta radice.*

164. *Sprung from, &c.*] *Hesiod Theog.*

Swift

Swift as flash'd lightning, to the earth I flew,
 And hail'd your father, ere I came to you. 170
 Him, when I told, the story of your love,
 And all that pass'd below, and all above ;
 Thus he reply'd, (upon his trident leant)
 Go, tell the youth, I give him my consent :
 " Tell them, I would not have my daughter sold,
 " As mortal offspring are, merely for gold."
 He ceas'd.—And now, fair nymph, a kind adieu :
 I wish thee happy.—And away he flew.

Thus the behest of heav'n-sent *Mercury*.
 Now fare ye well, and O remember me ! 180
 Remember me ! re-echo'd from the town ;
 And straight she plung'd precipitately down.

Ver. 175. *Tell them, &c.*] If any one should be offended at this kind of repetition, let him read *Homer* and be satisfied.



T H E

Fox, the Jackall, and Other Beasts.

A

F A B L E.

SINCERITY! 'tis all a jest;

A name, an empty sound at best.

Believe me, friend, there's no such thing,

Down to the peasant, from the king;

Except a little scatter'd seed,

Sown in the breasts of few indeed,

And those who have it, God defend 'em!

For fortune, rarely does befriend 'em :

Who

Who feldom cares to take the part
 Of open hand, or open heart;
 But rather crams the greedy pokes
 Of narrow-soul'd designing folks.
 'Twas in the days of old king Saturn
 That virtue rose without a patron;
 But in our rusty, iron age,
 However learn'd, or good, or sage,
 Virtue alone (or I'm mistaken)
 Stands little chance to save her bacon.
 You'll say, she is her own reward;
 Why, so she'd need, or 'twould be hard;
 For, whatsoever she may crave,
 'Tis often all the food she'll have.
 But you shall hear, to end disputes,
 What pass'd of old amongst the brutes;
 For *men* of yore disdain'd the crimes
 So frequent grown in modern times.

Far in the wat'ry-waste, there stood
 An island, shadow'd o'er with wood;

Where

Where human shape was never seen,
 But when their planks have shatter'd been,
 A brutal race, of various kind,
 Was all that providence design'd.
 No matter how, or what the cause,
 They had their government and laws.
 A sage old Lion fill'd the throne,
 (Who made his people's bliss his own)
 Rais'd to this pinnacle of state
 For being good as he was great.
 But yet, however great or good,
 They might deceive him, if they would.
 For who can see into the breast
 Of cunning man, or cunning beast?
 A soothing knave may gain his end,
 Till actions prove him not a friend;
 But, lest I give reflection cable,
 'Tis fit I haste to tell my fable,

Forth, from a distant northern town,
 A Swallow came, to tell the crown,
 The

The governor had took his bed,
And might, for aught she knew, be dead.
Which, whilst the swallow was relating,
A crafty Fox, who stood in waiting,
Not of the King, but for a place,
* Erst lavish'd forth the monarch's praise,
Then for the void preferment prays.
He talk'd of virtue, honour, faith,
(Which they who know him, know he hath)
Essentials in a governor,
And wish'd the King would but prefer
A beast of merit to the place.
His Majesty (a common case)
Who by appearance judg'd alone,
Mistook the Fox for such a one :
And issu'd forth his high decree,
To make him, what he wish'd to be.
Old Reynard bow'd, and forth he went,
Straight to assume his government.

* Approach'd the throne with cringing pace.

Where,

Where, soon, he rul'd the feeble town
 As if it all had been his own.
 Yet, 'twas not with contracted brow,
 But with a sort of artful shew
 Of lenity : for all his wiles
 Were hid beneath deceitful smiles.
 He seem'd a friend to every one,
 And yet, in truth, was but his own ;
 Would pick their pockets with a grace,
 And, smiling, stare them in the face :
 Nay, what is more, he often would
 Persuade 'em 'twas for their own good.
 If e'er he chanc'd to meet a goose,
 And wanted one for proper use,
 He'd thus address her : " Is that you ?
 " My honest goose-cap, how do'st do ?
 " Nay, why so shy ? ye are no hens :
 " Foxes and Geese were always friends.
 " I would not hurt a single feather
 " For all temptations put together ;

" It

"It were unjust to take your lives,

"Besides, ye know, I keep no knives."

Then, ere the Goose was half convinc'd on't,

He'd snap her head off in an instant;

And, if the rest were heard to make

A little noise, or dar'd to quake,

At being thus destroy'd by dozens,

He'd smiling say, "Indeed, good cousins,

"Think as * ye will, ye are my debtor;

"'Tis all, believe me, for the better."

But you may judge of all his tricks,

His principles and politics,

From what you (if you'll but attend)

Shall hear: for, take it from a friend,

Who wrongs you once (mark well the man)

Will do't again, if e'er he can.

* — Those that write in rhyme still make

The one verse for the other's sake:

For one for sense, and one for rhyme,

I think's sufficient, at one time.

Hud.

D

Not

It

Not far from where the Fox was king,
 There bubbl'd up a wholesome spring;
 Where daily, at whose mossy brink,
 The vary'd forest came to drink:
 Nor was it but for drink design'd,
 It's uses were of many kind.
 Along it's stream, with loaded tail,
 The busy Beaver us'd to fail:
 For thus he drew his daily food,
 And thus, for building, brought the wood.
 'Twas here the Foxes, once a day,
 Ran retrograde with bunch of hay;
 To which the fleas would all retire,
 As if their tails had been on fire;
 But they no sooner gain their scheme
 Than jaws expand, and down they swim.
 So are we mortals oft pursuing,
 With eager stride, our own undoing:
 Thus flying from a temp'ral evil,
 We hurry headlong to the devil.

'Twas

'Twas here the Otter, lurking fly,
 With sudden plunge, would catch his fry.
 But roguish Apes would often make,
 With pebble-stones, a *duck and drake*,
 And thus bemuddle all the beck.*
 Beside, they say (and they who knew)
 The little Monkeys often threw
 At Beavers, failing to their station,
 And thus disturb'd the navigation.
 'Twas thence complain'd, and humbly hop'd,
 That such abuses might be stopt.
 A gen'ral meeting was proclaim'd
 (The time, and place, and all were nam'd)
 To ev'ry beast, of ev'ry quarter,
 That dwelt within a mile of water.
 They came; and, having well resolv'd
 The *pro's* and *con's*, at last resolv'd,

* *Beck*, a low word, we confess; but the reader may perhaps have more patience with it when we inform him that 'tis a local one, used to this day in that part of the island here spoken of.

That guardians should appointed be
 To watch the stream, (the number three)
 And keep unlucky Monkeys off it;
 A place of trust, and eke of profit.
 Fame scarce her trumpet took in hand,
 To blow the news throughout the land,
 But all the world was for the place;
 * *A place of profit, there's the case.*
 Wolves, Horses, Oxen, Affes, Sheep,
 Could hardly get a wink of sleep,
 For thinking what a world of joy
 Must needs attend this high employ.
 One would have laugh'd to hear the din,
 And see 'em lash thro' thick and thin,
 Now sunk to earth, and now transported;
 But most of all, the Fox was courted:
 For 't was imagin'd, all along,
 He'd sway the matter, right or wrong.

* We are assur'd, by a very ingenious virtuoso, that this place was, upon a moderate computation, as valuable, to each of the brutes who held it, as a fine cure of one thousand pounds per annum would be to a rational creature.

Reynard

Reynard, who ever chanc'd to call,
 Was kindly affable to all.
 If wolves, or sheep, or horses came,
 (No matter who, 'twas all the same)
 He'd say, "Iv'e study'd well the case,
 "And think ye proper for the place."
 When Asses went, his answer was,
 "None half so proper as an Ass."

Now, to the Fox, among the rest,
 There came a little foolish beast,
 That seem'd more eager than 'em all,
 I think men term it a Jackall.
 Reynard foresaw the little cur
 Was like to make a mighty stir;
 And, therefore, lest he gain his end,
 Had best be made a special friend:
 Beside as 'twas a busy fool,
 'Twould make a serviceable tool;
 For here lay, *entre nous*, the rub,
 The place was meant for Reynard's cub,

Together

Together with a fly old Ox,

A rogue, and, *thence*, a friend of Fox.

They never meant to have a third

Who might too much have seen, or heard.

However, thus the little beast

Would often hear himself address'd,

With friendly mein and oily tongue,

Of Reynard old, and Reynard young :

" Well, fir, how fares the navigation ?

" You know you have our approbation :

" Indeed so very great our force is,

" That Affes, Wolves, and Sheep, and Horses

" Molest us oft ; some offer *pelf* ; *

" But, Tom, my whelp, and your good self

" Are only fit to be intrusted :

(And so the matter seem'd adjusted)

" But then, my pretty little cur,

" You bravely must your stumps bestir,

* *Pelf*. This word, in it's vulgar acceptation, would have been very improperly used here : but 'tis also a term in falconry, and signifies the refuse and broken remains of a fowl.

" We'll not conclude the thing our own;
" Till we have turn'd o'er every stone.
" Fly to the Buck and to his neighbour,
" With them the matter well belabour.
" But, most of all, we dread the vote
" Of that unsteady thing, the Goat;
" Who seems, by what we hear, inclin'd
" To whisk about with ev'ry wind.
" * It is a stupid animal:
" However, visit one and all
" And you shall, for your trouble, be
" Rewarded; but remember me,
" (The whelp would add) we must be three."

Bestir his stumps! Why so he did;
(A like bestirring fate forbid)
For Dogs began to whet their jaws,
And, as he ran, th' impatient crows

* The reader is desired to observe, that these are the words
of the foxes, and not of our author

Would almost perch upon his back,

So low, so lank, so lean, was Jack.

Thus while he tramp'd it day by day,

His wiser friends would often say,

" Well—Mark the end—You are deceiv'd :

" But 'tis in vain, we're not believ'd :

" So please your self, do as you will ;

" But Foxes will be Foxes still."

To which he, ever, would reply,

" My life upon their fealty."

At last, the scythe, and serpent god

(Obsequious to whose wilful nod,

Hinds, nobles, kings, and kindoms, fall ;

Worlds, suns and planets, stars and all)

Brought on the great, th' important day,

(I scorn to borrow from a play)

With low'ring morn, big with the fate

Of ev'ry anxious candidate.

The little brute and father Fox,

With both his Whelps, and *honest* Ox,

Were

Were now conven'd to settle matters,
 As seem'd but meet, at Fox's quarters.
 Thus Jack was held by Reynards fast,
 Befool'd and bubbl'd to the last;
 Left, had they seem'd no longer hearty,
 He might have strengthen'd th' other party.

In ample *field* of snowy Hart,
 (That being near the middle part)
 From coldest north, warm south, west, or east,
 Assembl'd sat the savage forest.
 But, ere they buckl'd to election,
 Up starts the Fox, with this objection:
 " In all this crowd, with all this pother,
 " We still must one confound another:
 " Except the multitude were less,
 " Who can proceed to business?
 " 'Twere better, if some few of honour
 " Were singl'd out into a corner:
 " Name one of ev'ry species, we,
 " I make no doubt, shall soon agree."

The lift'ning world his scheme approving,
Soon to the corner they were moving,
The Fox, afraid of every vote,
Thus, as they went, address'd the Goat :
" Good lord ! Sir Goat, how well you look !
" But ere we reach the fatal nook,
" They say you've got a young attendant,
" A little troublesome appendant.
" I have a scheme, no matter what,
" Oblige me but, and vote for that,
" Exert your lungs and be but fervent,
" And we'll employ him as a servant."
The Goat reply'd thus, half enrag'd,
" No, Mr. Fox, I am engag'd
" In honour, to another party :
" I would not do a thing so dirty."

" In honour ! so am I—a jest :
" I took you for a wiser beast ;
" What's honour, to one's interest ?"

" Why

" Why that is true—at your request;
" Well—well—and so they join'd the rest."

Now were their heads together laid,
When Reynard thus, rose up and said :
" It is my will, and that's my law,
" (Who standeth not of me in awe?)
" That ye should drop the thought of *three* ;
" And, also, that ye straight agree
" To choose my whelp ; him ye must have,
" In colleague with the Ox, my slave.
" Thus may my offspring dwell at ease,
" And I shall lord it as I please.
" Ye know, I am a subtle creature,
" Shrewd, and implacable, by nature.
" As to forgiveness, I have none ;
" In that, my heart's a very stone.
" That, should ye slight me for a stranger,
" Your lives and safeties were in danger."

Like tender Ducklings, when they spy
A kite voracious hov'ring nigh,

A tremor shook their feeble joints :
 He smook'd the jest, and straight appoints.

Some beasts might rage and curse their fate ;
 But all was over, 'twas too late :
 And others might in silence moan ;
 But all was now the Fox's own.
 Poor little Jack, in little glee,
 Asham'd of his credulity,
 Ran speedy home, with anger pale,
 Like to a dog that's burnt his tail.
 There met him, as he pensive ran,
 A gen'rous Steed, who thus began :
 " Well Jack—I read it in your face.
 " Who can be sorry for your case ?
 " You have been told a thousand times,
 " Of this old Fox's tricks and crimes.
 " Be wiser for't, and ne'er complain ;
 " But learn to trust a Fox again.

A
SELECT SPEECH
FROM THE
TRAGEDY
OF
OCCIDENTALLUS,
OR THE
POWER of the BLACK ART.

Which Dramatic Performance was left unfinished by the
untimely death of the Author.

SELECT SPEECH

FROM THE

TRAGEDY

OCCIDENTALUS

OF THE

POWER OF THE BLACK ART

Which Dialogue is contained in the original copy of the
manuscript of the Author

SELECT SPEECH

From the **TRAGEDY** of

OCCIDENTALLUS.

Scene opens, and discovers our hero, reclin'd upon a couch, asleep; a book and a candle upon the table—time, the dead of night. After having laid long enough to raise the expectation of the audience, by a short silence, he starts from his couch as like Mr. Garrick in Richard the Third as he is able, and utters the following speech.

HOLD—on thy life, I charge thee curb
that rank

Empoison'd hell-strung instrument. Thou ly'st.
Call'st thou me friend? By the great Gods thou ly'st.

Blast

Blast thy pernicious tongue, unhallow'd fiend !
 Thou poor ungrateful sycophant !—Oh Heav'n ! 5
 Am I awake ? Hark——sure it was some voice ;
 Or did the door unbar ? Methought I heard
 It twine upon its grating hinge—soft—soft—
 My sad distemper'd soul—I did but dream.
 The dim-grown taper yields an equal flame, 10
 That else had wav'd oblique ; and all seems peace.
 'Twas but a fiend of fancy, Gracious Heav'n !
 How strange a thing is man—Like a poor bark
 From friendly port far-off ; amid' the rage
 Of hollow seas and dark enfuriate sky, 15
 He drives, the sport of ev'ry wind or wave.

Ver. 14. *Fluctibus erigitur, cœlumque æquare videtur*
Pontus : & inductas aspergine tangere nubes.

Ovid. Met.

15. ———— Caret ignibus æther :
 Cæcaque nox premitur tenebris hyemisque suisque.

Id.

Now

Now see th' aspiring ship heav'd gently up,
 And, mounting, seem as if it aim'd at Heav'n :
 Alas, buoy'd up but to increase it's fall.
 The swoln, deceitful base, on which it rose, 20
 Now breaks, and down she drops, as deep as hell.
 Thus, are we lash'd and buffeted by fortune :
 Not e'en secure in sleep ; for, whilst we yield
 To rest our mortal part, the busy soul

Ver. 17. Et modo sublimis veluti de vertice montis
 Despicere in valles, imumque acheronta videtur.
 Ovid. Met.

19. ——— Quicquid in altum
 Fortuna tulit, ruitura levat.
 Sen. Agam.

20. Nunc ubi demissam curvum circumstetit æquor,
 Susplicere inferno summum de gurgite cælum.
 Ovid. Met.

22. Nempe dat & quodcumque libet fortuna, rapitque ;
 Irus & est subito, qui modo Cræsus erat.
 Ovid. Trist.

24. Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,
 Non delubra Deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
 Sed sibi quisque facit. Nam quum prostrata sopore
 Urguet membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit :
 Quicquid lucē fuit, tenebris agit.
 Petronius.

Knows no repose ; but breaths eternal life. 25
 Thus, heroes wage ideal toilsome war,
 Clash flaming swords, and urge the mettled steed.
 The statesman plods perferment, or, may-hap,
 His country's weal ; or feels, again, the pangs
 Of disappointment : thus the tender heart 30
 Of charity bleeds o'er the orphan's tears
 Of yesterday : and thus, *ingratitude*
 Stabs us afresh, and goads our souls to death.
 Ah ; there's the sting. *Ingratitude !* thou imp
 Infernal ! Gods ! I cou'd have bore 35
 Ten thousand whips of fortune, and have brav'd
 Her keenest lash, but base *ingratitude !*
 That—that—unmans me quite. I am not steel'd
 Against her poison'd shafts—no—'tis too much

Ver. 26. ———— Oppida bello,
 Qui quatit, & flammis miserandas sævit in urbes,
 Tela videt, verasque acies, & funera regum,
 Atque exundantes perfuso sanguine campos.

Petronius.

31. In noctis spatium miserorum vulnera durant.

Ibid.

For

For weak humanity. But now of that 40
 No more. Wou'd I cou'd wipe it from my mind,
 And grave it deep in dark oblivion !
 But 'tis imprest too hard, and will not off,
 Till friendly time shall wear it from my soul.
 Grant but, propitious fate, that I may spin 45
 Life's capillary thread, to warn mankind
 Of this sea-cover'd flint : let me but live
 To fix a buoy to this dread rock, that lurks
 Beneath a smooth and glozing surface,
 And I will die in peace. Ah welcome death 50
 Thou awful, yet delightful, minister !
 Whose sharp but friendly and unerring scythe
 Shall one day sever, from our shackl'd souls,
 This canker'd chain of loth'd mortality :
 That, like a weed shorn by the bending hind, 55

Ver. 51. Multo igitur mortem minus ad nos esse putandum,
 Si minus esse potest, quam quod nihil esse videmus.
 Lucret.

55. — Fortes animæ, dignataque nomina cœlo
 Corporibus resoluta suis, terræque remissa
 Huc migrant ex orbe, suumque habitantia cœlum
 Æthereos vivunt annos, mundoque fruuntur.

Manil.

Shall wither and return again to dust.
 That was a chearful thought: else who cou'd bear
 Life's rugged journey; or, with patience, view
 Triumphant *vice*, and *virtue* basely trod
 Beneath her feet; but that the time will come 60
 When death, kind death, shall quite reverse the scene.
 Shrink, sons of mammon! shudder at the thought!
 Methinks I see your pale and ghastly mein,
 Wan with despondency, and horrid gnaw
 Of conscience-telling guilt. Transfixt ye stand 65
 (Bereft of all your boasted opulence)
 With bristling hair; for now your *friendly* wiles,
 And policy, deny their wonted aid.

Ver. 65. Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipsi
 Displicet auctori. Prima est hæc ultio, quod se
 Judice, nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis
 Gratia fallacis prætoris vicerit urnam. Juv.

66. Intactis opulentior
 Thesauris Arabum, & divitis Indię,
 Cæmentis licet occupes
 Tyrrenum omne tuis, & mare Ponticum:
 Si figet adamantinos
 Summis verticibus dira necessitas
 Clavos, non animum metu,
 Non mortis laqueis expedit caput. Hor.

Pro-

Propitious Heaven I grant me ne'er to know
 Such wiles or policy: no, rather deign, 70
 That I may live obscurely poor, bereft
 Of food or friend, than part with innocence
 To purchase them! What, if my hopes are fled?
 And adulating schemes felicitous?
 My airy castles tumbl'd into naught, 75
 That two long years had rais'd imaginary?
 Perhaps omniscient Heav'n observ'd their loose
 And wankle prop, thence wou'd not let me climb
 The pile that might have crush'd me in it's fall:
 Or yet may haply raise some potent friend, 80
 As far surpassing their sincerity
 As they excel the common race of men

Ver. 71. Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
 Pennas, refigno quæ dedit, & mea
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quero—— Hor:

78. ——— Si consilium vis,
 Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
 Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
 Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt di.

Juven.

In

In false professing tongues. Good gracious Heav'n!
 Be merciful to such wide-erring fools;
 And teach them 'tis impolitic to sin; 85
 Remind 'em that a gorgeous frontispiece,
 Or high immurement, cannot exclude
 The piercing eye of Heav'n. And O inspire
 Me with a conscious, never-leaving, thought
 Of something after death: nor let me dare 90
 To stab my own internal monitor,
 Tho' 'twere to gain me worlds—But nature droops,
 I'll to my couch and try to sleep again.

Ver. 85. Heu, primæ scelerum causæ mortalibus ægris
 Naturam nescire deum—

Silius.

86. Magni conditor orbis
 Huic ex alto cuncta tuenti
 Nulla terre mole resistunt:
 Non nox atris nubibus obstat:
 Uno mentis cernit in ictu
 Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, veniantque. Boeth.

91. Quænam summa boni? Mens quæ sibi conscia recti.
 Bias per Auf.

THE
LAST WILL
AND
TESTAMENT
OF
PENDAVID BITTERZWIGG.

*Inter spem curamque, timores inter & iras,
Omniem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora.*

HOR.

J H T

W T S A I

CV 71A

T R S T A M E T

Q

REND AND SIFERS WIGG.

For you will enjoy it the more, because it

In this manner, then, and (so my own

thinking) in my heart, do I endeavour

to be my self, as I am, and to be so

as to my own mind, I do not believe it

in my own disposal, I will: it is not careful

to provide for it in the course of my life, how I

PENDAVID BITTERZWIGG.

AH wise poet! how just a picture hast
 thou drawn of human life! Is it not most
 truly, what he calls it, a mixture of *hope, care,*
fear, and passion? But who would have expect-
 ed the following line from the pen of a heathen?
Think every day thy last. Excellent precept!
 Were it possible to persuade mankind into this
 way of *thinking*, it must immediately put a stop
 to all kinds of vice. For, where is the wretch
 so abandon'd, that would dare to sin, if he
 thought he must die before to-morrow? Then,
 by way of inducement, the poet very pleasingly
 observes, That if we should happen to be dis-
 appointed, tho' we should live to begin another
 day, that day, says he, will seem more grate-
 ful,

ful, you will enjoy it the more, because it was unexpected.

In this humour then, and (to my own thinking) in my perfect senses, do I *Pendavid Bitterzwick*, of the parish of St. *Winefrid*, in *Flintshire*, in *Wales*, make, and declare this to be my last Will and Testament.

As to my *immortal part*, I do not believe it in my own disposal by Will: if I am not careful to provide for it in the course of my life, how I shall bequeath it at my death will, I am of opinion, signify but little.

Believing that those who were pleas'd to honour me with their friendship during my abode on earth, will not scruple to extend that *friendship* a few paces beyond the grave; I name, and appoint, Sir *Henry Worthy*, Bart. *Jeremy Goodheart*, Esq; and Mr. *Thomas Trueman*, to be the joint Executors of my will. And thus I give and bequeath to these my worthy friends, all my goods and chattles whatsoever; to them, I say, their executors and assigns, in trust only, and for the several uses and benefits hereafter specified.

My lands, houses, horses, oxen, asses, sheep, deer, coaches, post and common chaises, plate, jewels, and gorgeous apparel, of all which I happen to have been depriv'd by a certain blind bitch
of

of a goddess, it was always my design to have left to that mortal in whom I had experienced the most fidelity; which, upon recollection, I find to be my constant and faithful companion *Tray*; in whom, during our acquaintance of fifteen years, I never remember to have perceiv'd the least shy look, coldness, or deviation from the friendship he profess'd; which is more than I can say of any thing human. To him also I would have left my part in the lease of the river *A—*, but that he hath too much honesty and spirit for the place: for which reasons, he would hardly have been approv'd of by the proprietors; and would also, on that account, have been a very disagreeable partner to my surviving brethren. Therefore that all parties may be pleas'd, I give and bequeath my right and share in the aforesaid lease, to my old she *Ass*; who, tho' she may be possess'd of honour enough as the world goes, will, nevertheless, rather sit down with what the avarice of her partners can afford her, than breed any disturbance for the sake of a little gold. Besides, she seems to have little or no suspicion in her temper, and will therefore be a very proper object of imposition: *professions of friendship*, and *quaker's sermons*, will be, to her, all *sincerity*

and *gospel*. Indeed, I am sorry I have it not in my power to make my *As* a better title to the aforesaid share; for my writings happen, unfortunately, to be in the possession of a certain eminent lawyer, full famous for the detention of title-deeds: well knowing, that so long as such valuable papers remain in his custody, the parties to whom they belong will not dare, for their own safety, to oppose him, in whatsoever schemes he shall think proper to execute.

My library, being too considerable to find room in the shop of any bookseller here (it consisting of near one hundred volumes) I will, that it be sold by way of auction (*Tillotson's Sermons* only excepted) upon a public stage which shall be erected for that purpose, in the market-place: and 'tis my will and desire, that Mr. *Batavius Sonlove* perform the part of auctioneer; and that he be allow'd eighteen-pence per day, for his pains, till the whole be sold. The money hence arising shall be, by him immediately remitted to *Nic Frog*, for the redemption of his son from slavery. The above excepted *Tillotson's Sermons*, I leave to the Rev. Mr. *Richard Apropos*; in thankful remembrance of the trouble he was pleas'd to give himself upon my account.

I will,

I will, that all my pamphlets be given to the pamphlet-club, held on *Thursday* nights, at the *Talbot*; of which body I had the honour to be a member.

As to my wearing apparel, I bequeath it to old *Penurius Puzzlewit*, Esq; to be by him sold, for as much as it will bring; to the intent that he may be thence enabled to finish the *patch'd emblem of his hospital*; for 'tis like *that*, without a door. Yet notwithstanding this, I leave it in the power of the aforesaid *Penurius*, to reserve a hat or a waistcoat for the use of his eldest son; provided always, that, in case he make his son a present of a waistcoat, he present him likewise with one hundred yards of lace; not to enrich it before, but to let it out behind.

Having thus disposed of all my worldly affairs; I come now to the distribution of things of greater consequence: and, tho' I have no reason to doubt the integrity of my executors, yet I cannot help recommending the punctual execution of the remaining part of my will, to their peculiar care.

First then, I bequeath all and every part of my honour, to honest *Simon Appleton*, the Miller: for to him that hath, shall be given.

My

My *honesty* I give to the aforementioned *Penurius Puzzlewit*, for his enjoyment during his life; and, at his death, to descend, to his son *Penurius*; who may dispose of it as he thinks proper; provided always, that he leave it not to his youngest sister; who, 'tis my will, shall never inherit it, or any part of it: she being unjustly possess'd of all that which was design'd by providence for the whole family.

My *poetical genius*, together with it's appendix *poverty*, I leave, as an eternal curse, to that strange pedagogue, who, in the year 1750, profan'd the name of MILTON; to him and his heirs for ever.

And now I come to a part of my will that may perhaps occasion some trouble to my executors; but I trust their goodness will excuse it.

I will, that my *brains* be divided amongst ten of the principle proprietors of the rivers *A—* and *C—ld—r*, in proportion to their several shares in the said rivers. 'Tis also my will, and pleasure, that each man receive his proper dividend into a small ivory casket, made for that purpose; which he shall wear tied upon his head, on the outside of his wig, at all *navigation meetings*: for some of 'em don't seem to want sense, upon other occasions.

As

As to this piece of clay, my body, 'tis as indifferent to me at present, as it will be hereafter, how or where it shall be deposited. I make no doubt but my survivors, out of regard to their own noses, will take care to have me cover'd with earth: which they may do, in what manner they think proper; as 'tis for the sake of the *living*, and not of the *dead*, that all funerals, however sumptuous, are solemniz'd.

This Will, wrote with my own hand, I sign and seal, the 14th day of *November*, anno dom. 1750.

PENDAVID BITTERZWIGG.

Sign'd, seal'd, and declared to be the last Will and Testament of Pendavid Bitterzwigg, in the presence of us, who saw him seal and subscribe the same.

Witness,

S. H.
J. W.
E. S.

F I N I S.

As to this piece of clay, my body, this as
indifferent to me as present, as it will be here-
after, how or where it shall be deposited, I
make no doubt, but my survivors, out of regard
to their own noses, will take care to have me
covered with earth: which they may do, in
what manner they think proper; as for the
lake of the living, and not of the dead,
that all humbly, however punctilious, are so-
lemnly.

This Will, wrote with my own hand, I
sign and seal, the 14th day of November,
anno dom. 1750.

PENDAVID BITTERSWICK

